

...I
STARTED
TALKING
TO THE
GUY
WHO SITS
BEHIND
ME.

BUT
INSTEAD...

YESTERDAY,
I DIDN'T
GET TO
TALK TO
NISHIMIYA.

HE
BROUGHT
BACK MY
STOLEN
BIKE.

HIS NAME IS
TOMOHIRO
NAGA-
TSUKA.

CHAPTER 9: THE RIGHT TO BE HERE

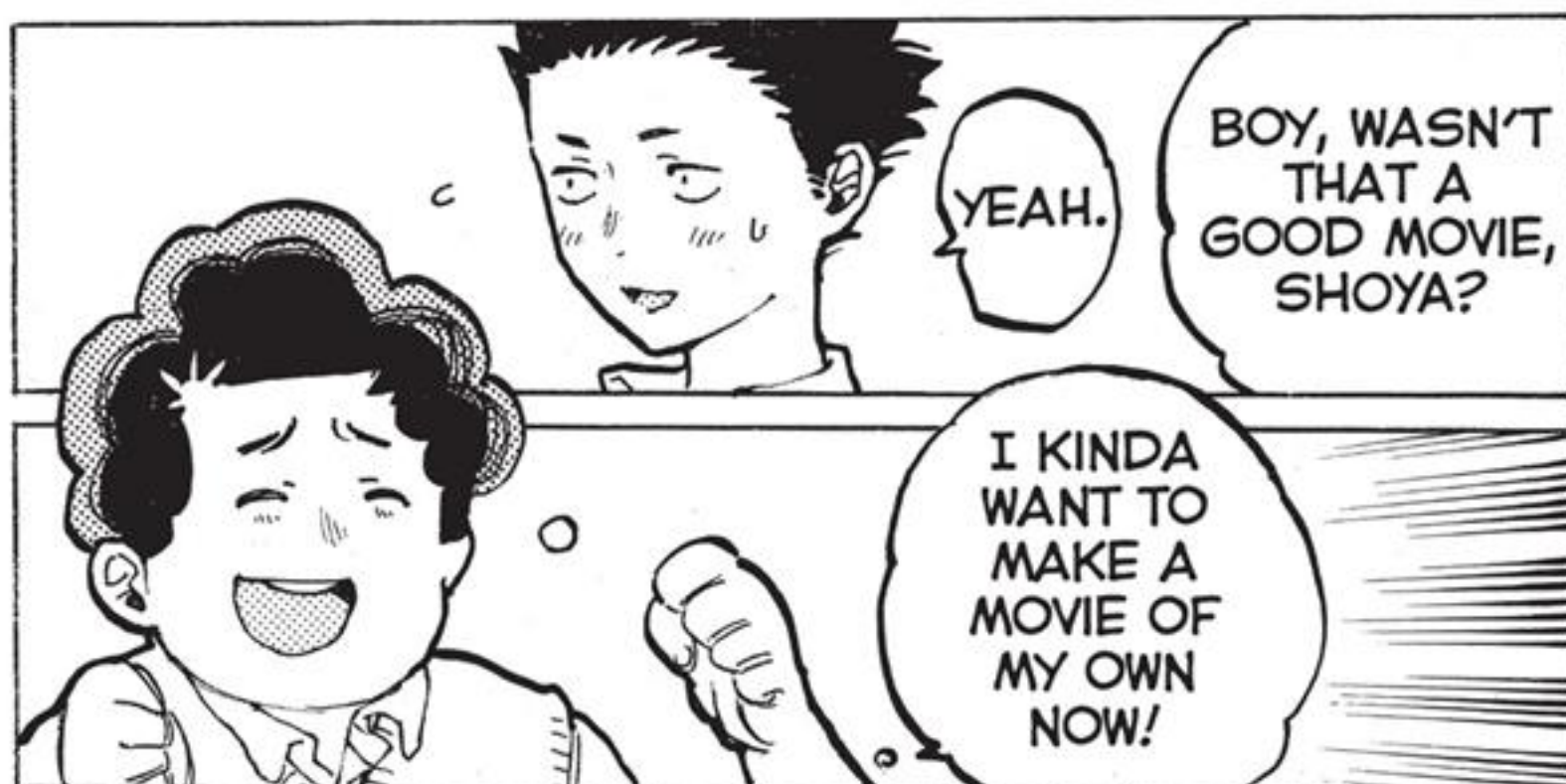
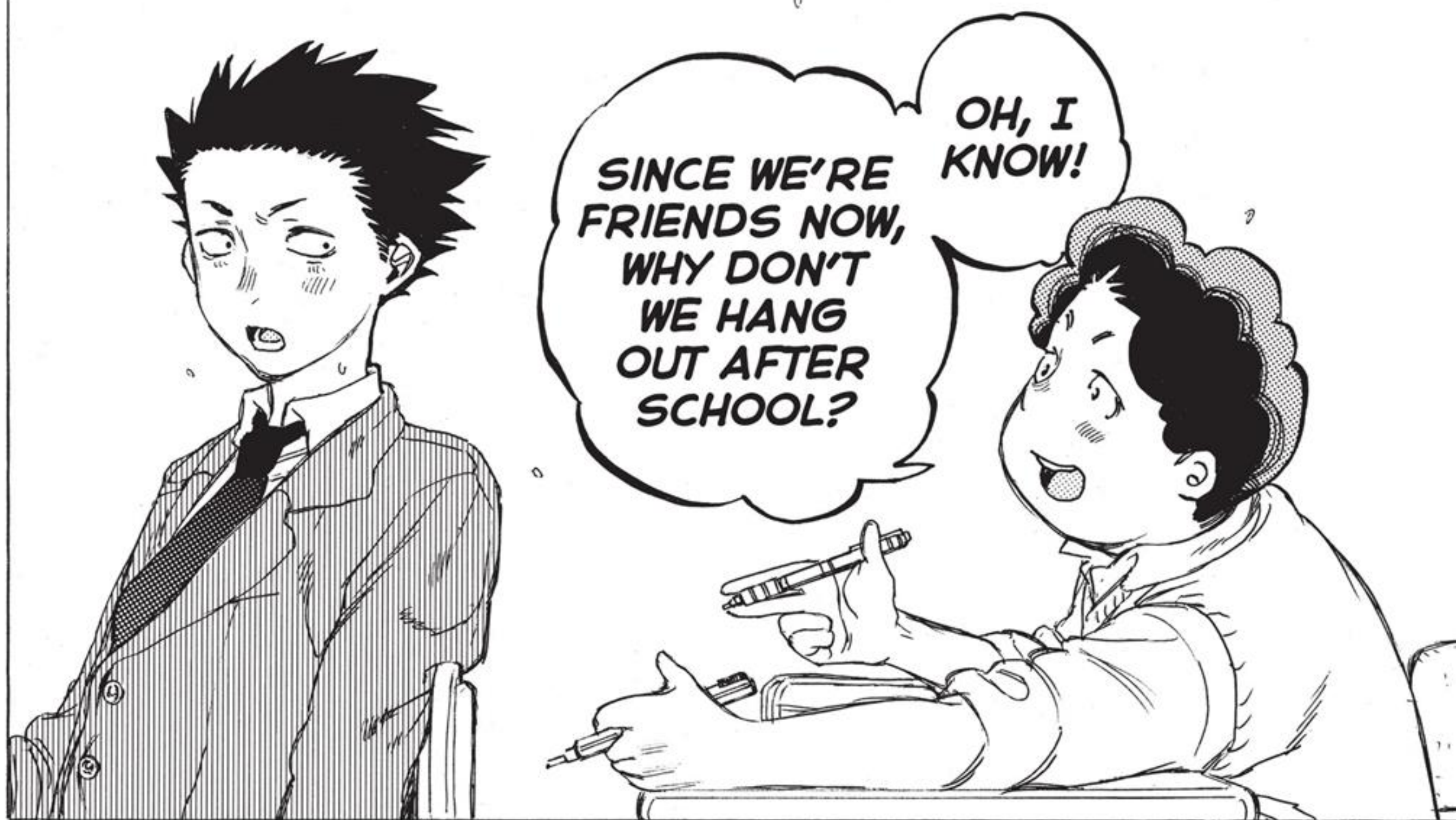
DID
NAGA-
TSUKA
AND I
REALLY
BECOME
FRIENDS
?

THAT
NIGHT,
I DID A
LOT OF
THINK-
ING.

ABOUT THE
PEOPLE
WHO USED
TO BE MY
"FRIENDS."
AND WHAT
THAT WORD
REALLY
MEANS...

IS THIS
HOW
FRIEND-
SHIPS
START?

THAT'S
WHEN IT
HIT ME...

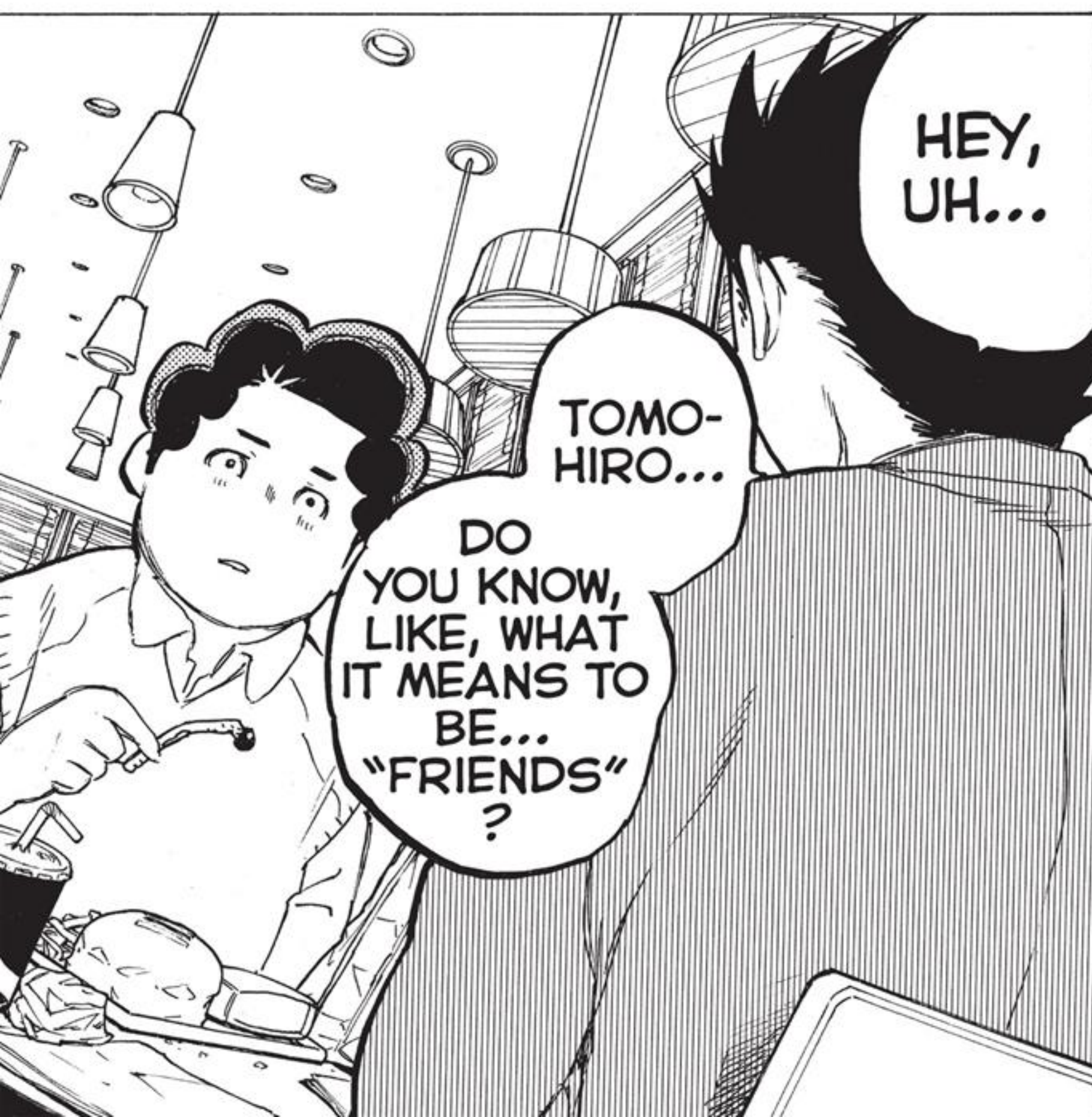


SINCE
I'VE
FELT LIKE
THIS...

IT'S
BEEN A
LONG
TIME...



WHAT'S
WRONG,
SHOYA?



HEY,
UH...

TOMO-
HIRO...

DO
YOU KNOW,
LIKE, WHAT
IT MEANS TO
BE...
"FRIENDS"
?



OH...
NO-
THING...



UH, DO YOU
REALLY HAVE
TO FIGURE
OUT EXACTLY
WHAT IT
MEANS?

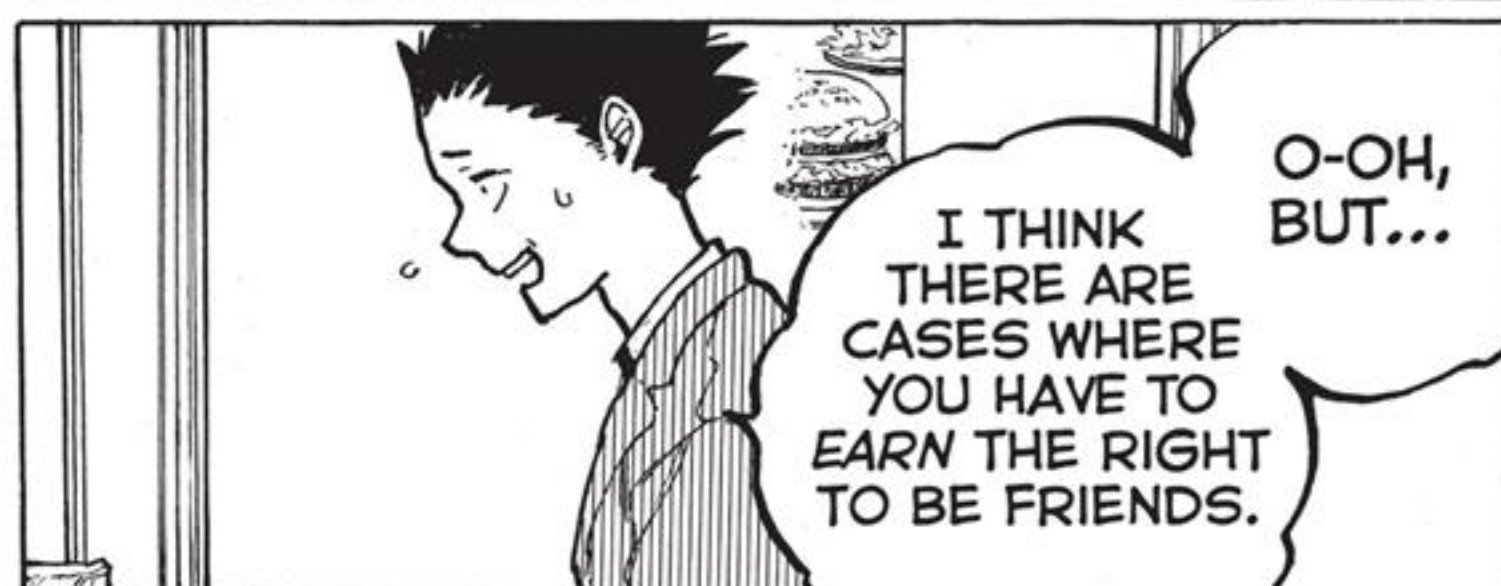


HE
SHOULD
JUST TELL
THE GIRL
WHAT HE'S
THINKING
ABOUT.

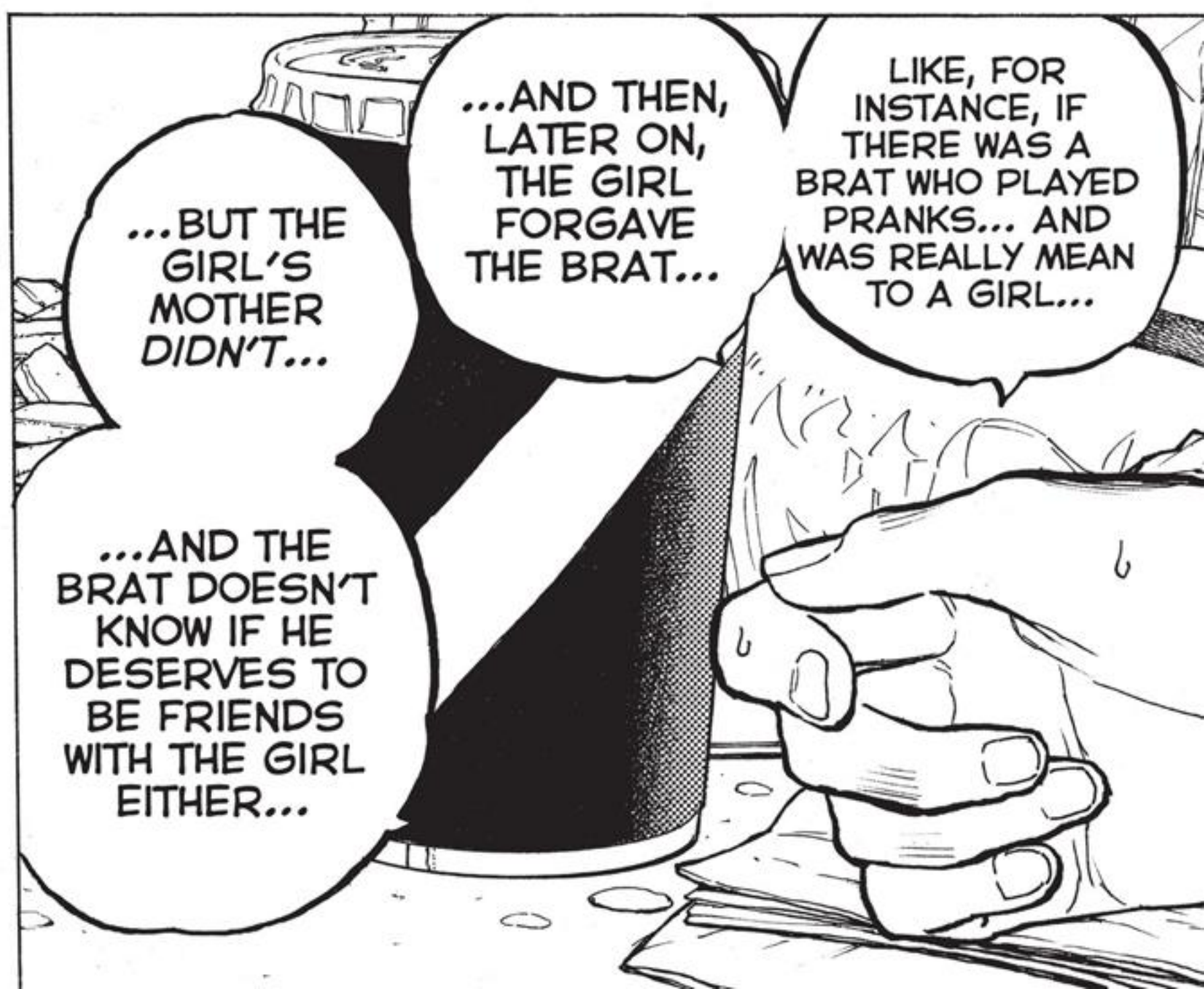
THEN,
HE'D
GET AN
ANSWER.



OH,
THAT'S
A GOOD
POINT!



O-OH,
BUT...
I THINK
THERE ARE
CASES WHERE
YOU HAVE TO
EARN THE RIGHT
TO BE FRIENDS.

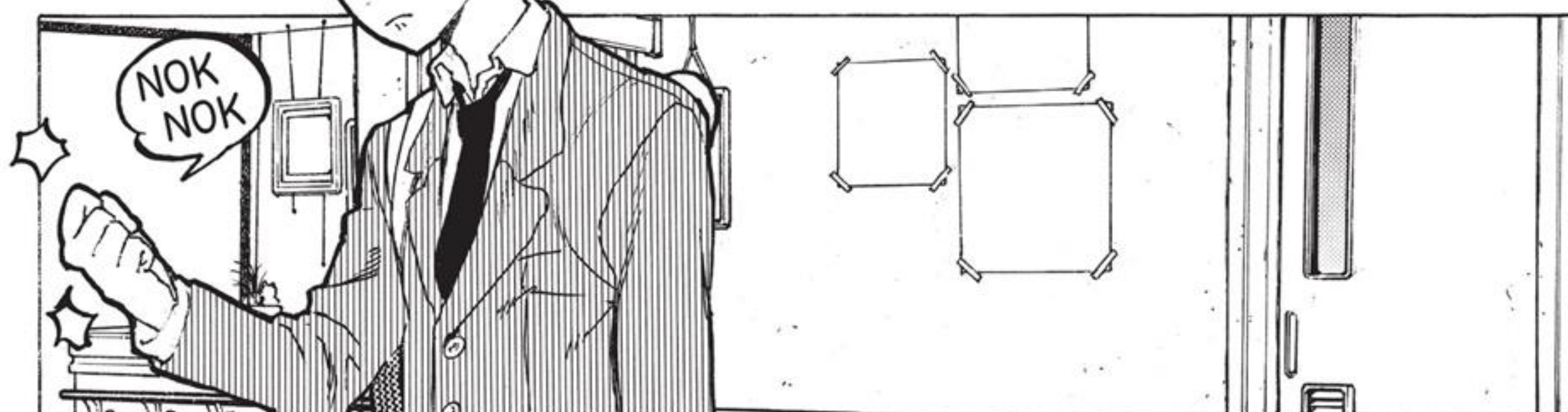


...BUT THE
GIRL'S
MOTHER
DIDN'T...

...AND THE
BRAT DOESN'T
KNOW IF HE
DESERVES TO
BE FRIENDS
WITH THE GIRL
EITHER...

...AND THEN,
LATER ON,
THE GIRL
FORGAVE
THE BRAT...

LIKE, FOR
INSTANCE, IF
THERE WAS A
BRAT WHO PLAYED
PRANKS... AND
WAS REALLY MEAN
TO A GIRL...

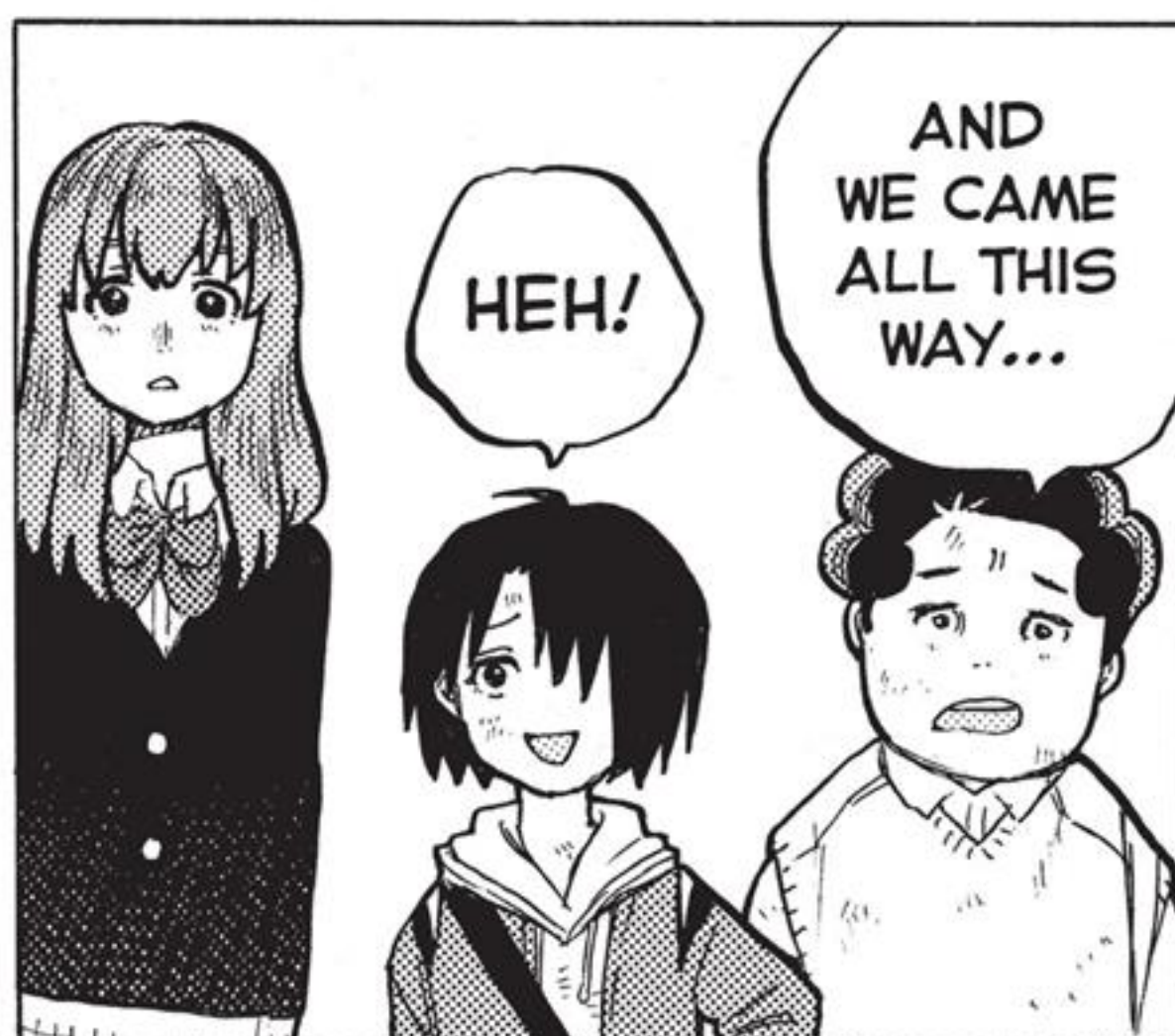
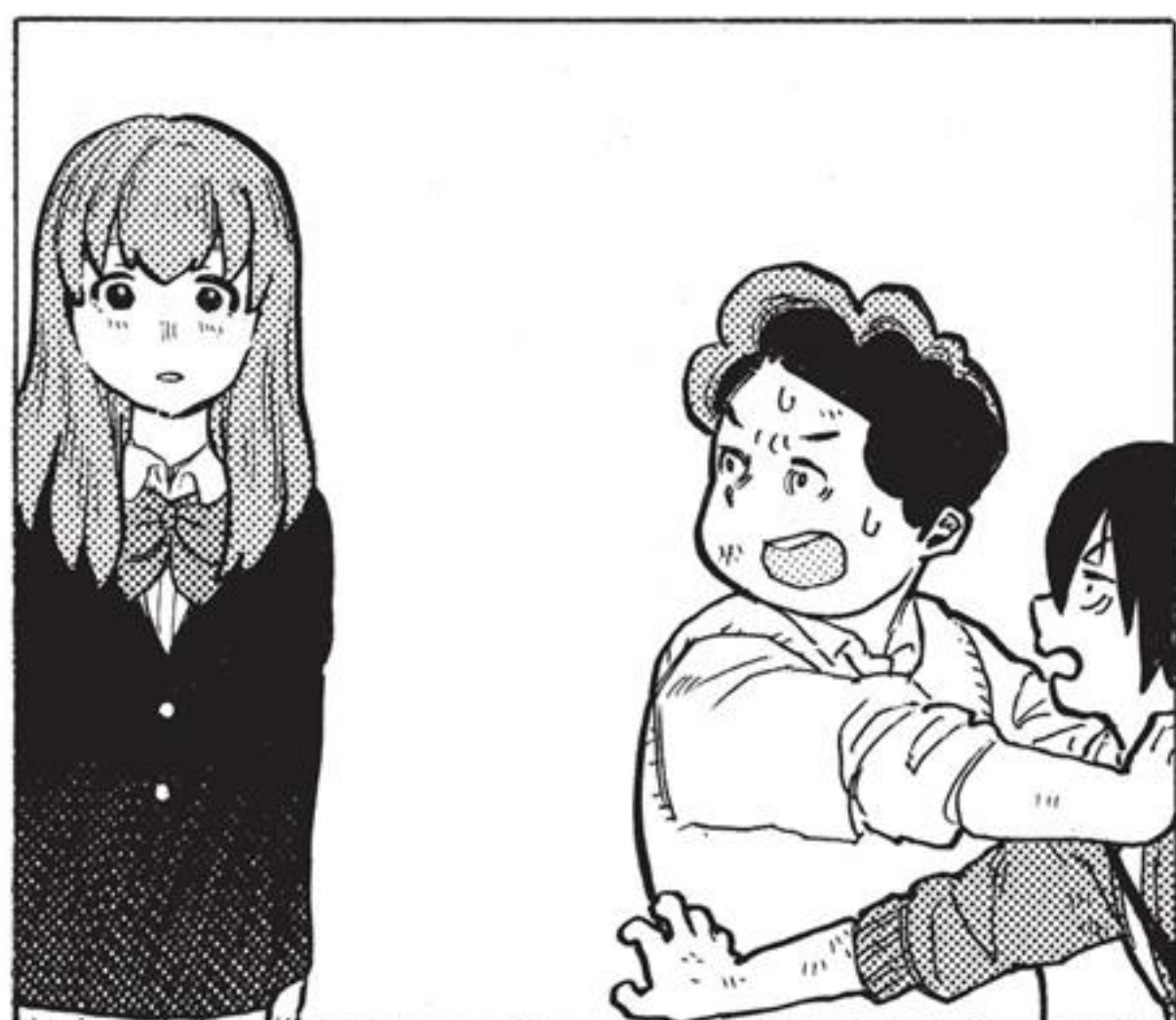
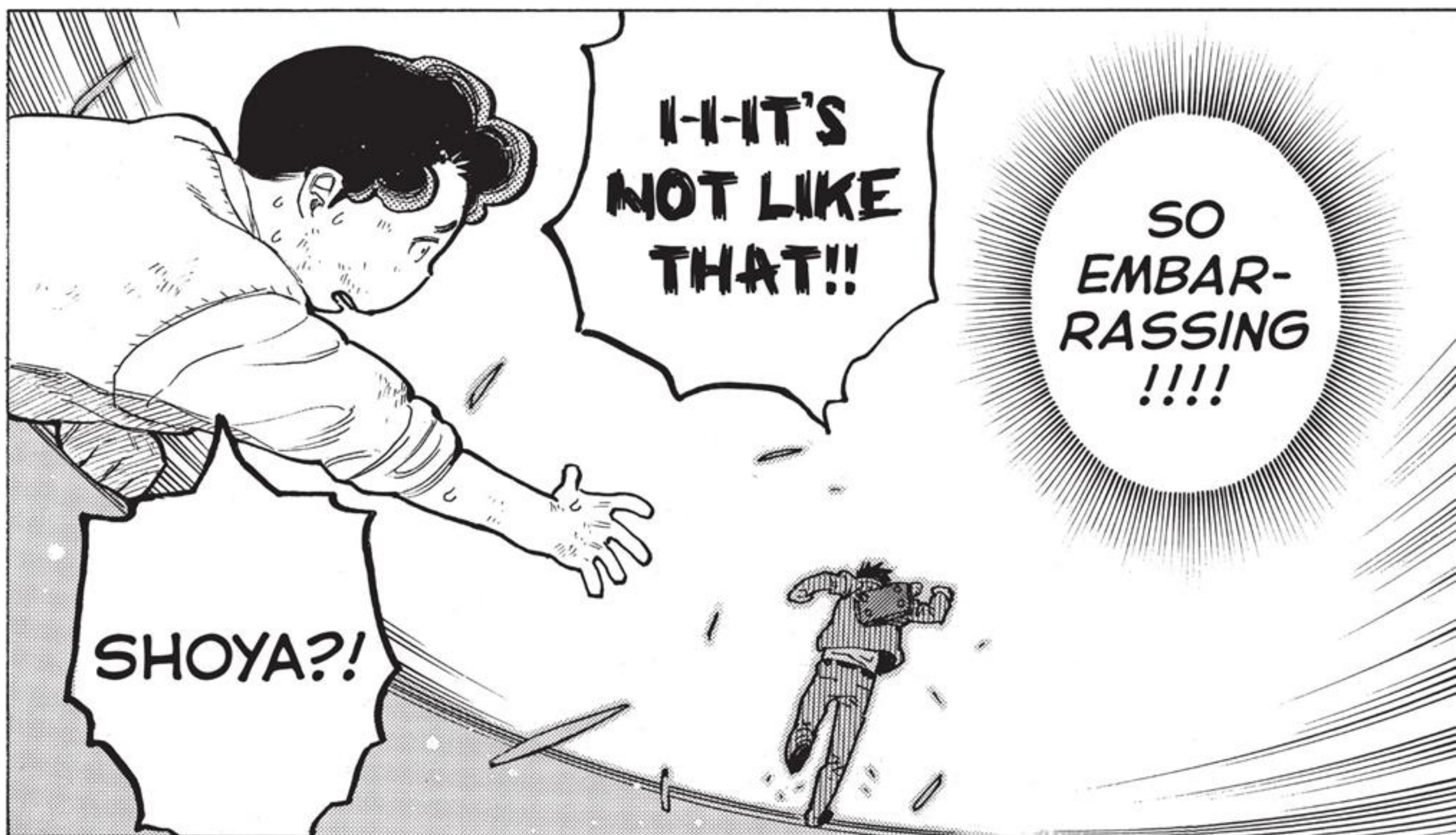




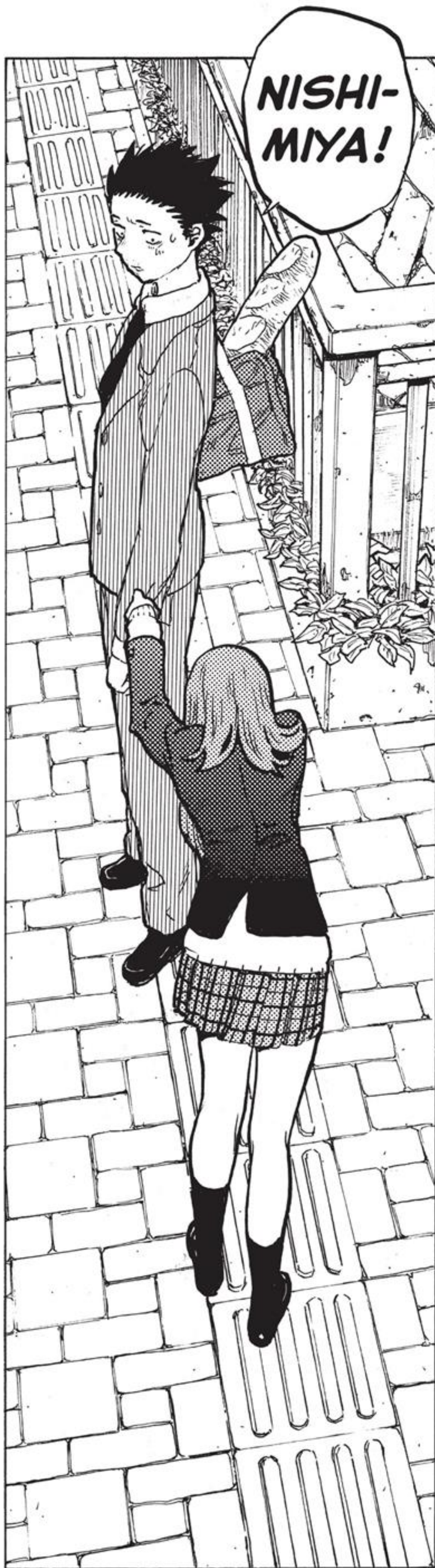




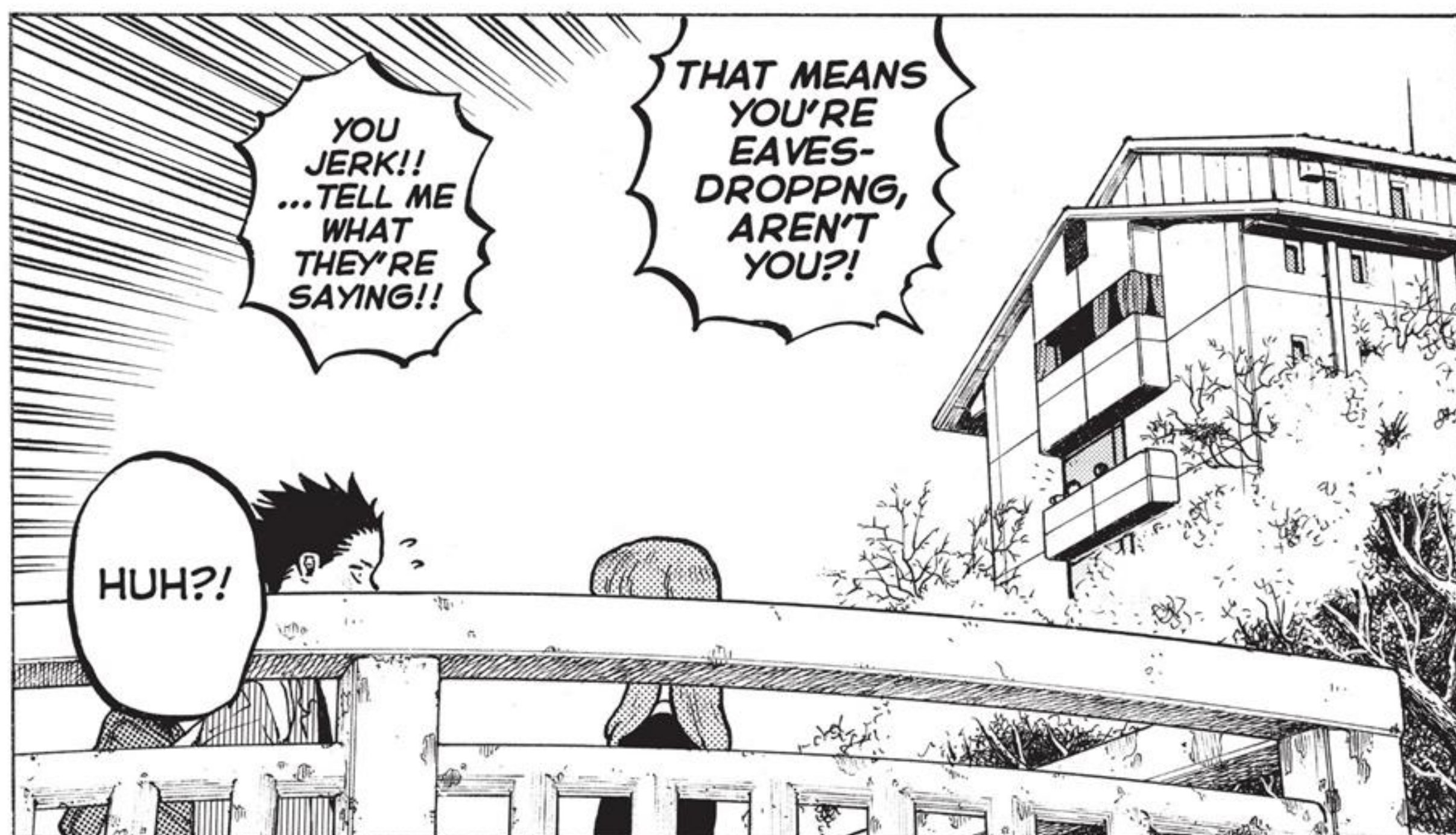












"EWW,
DON'T TELL
ME HE'S A
FRIEND OF
YOURS!"



"WHO WAS
THAT TURD-
HEAD JUST
NOW?"

"I'VE
NEVER SEEN
THAT GREASY
BALL OF POO
BEFORE!"



"NO WAY!
I DON'T
KNOW THAT
GUY!"

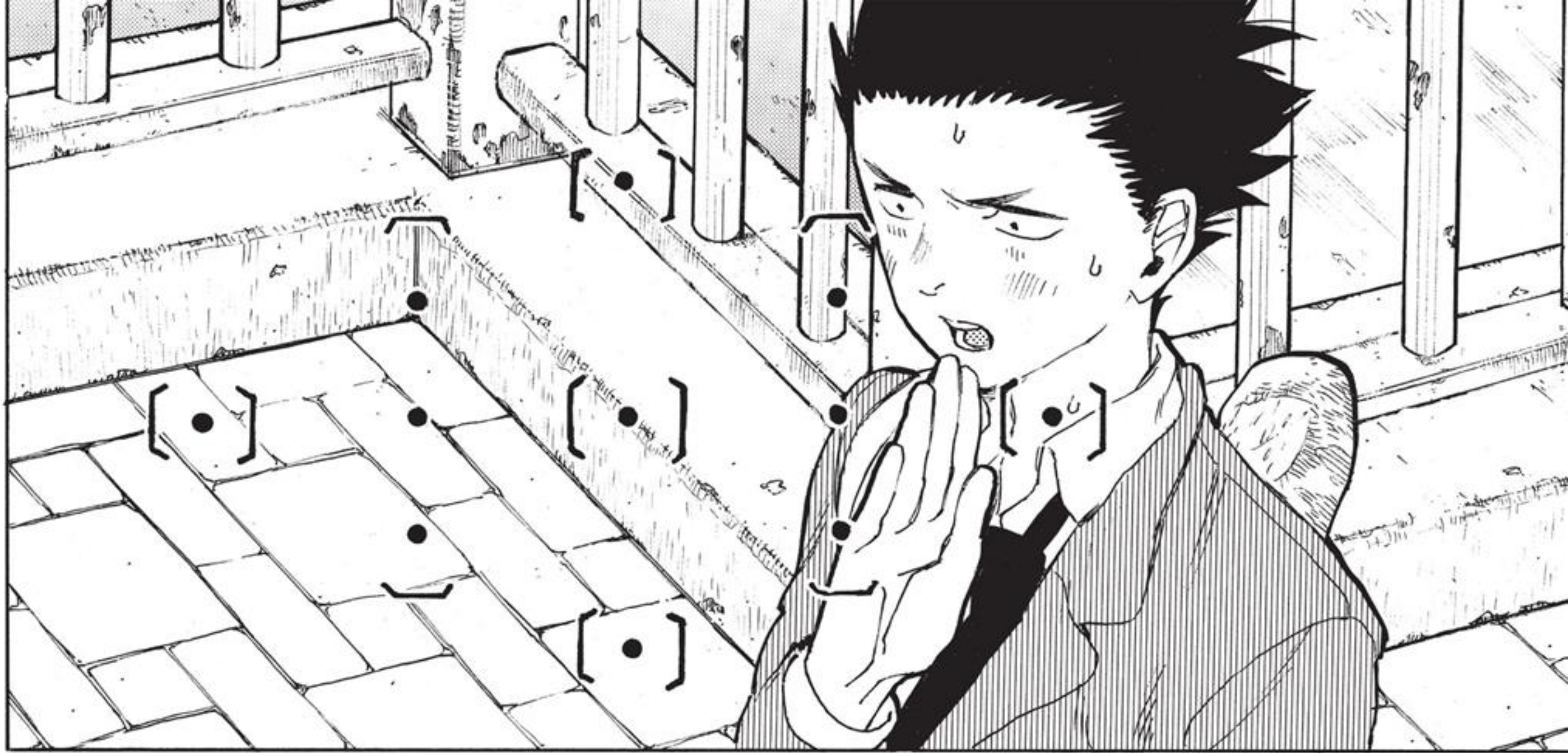
TSK!

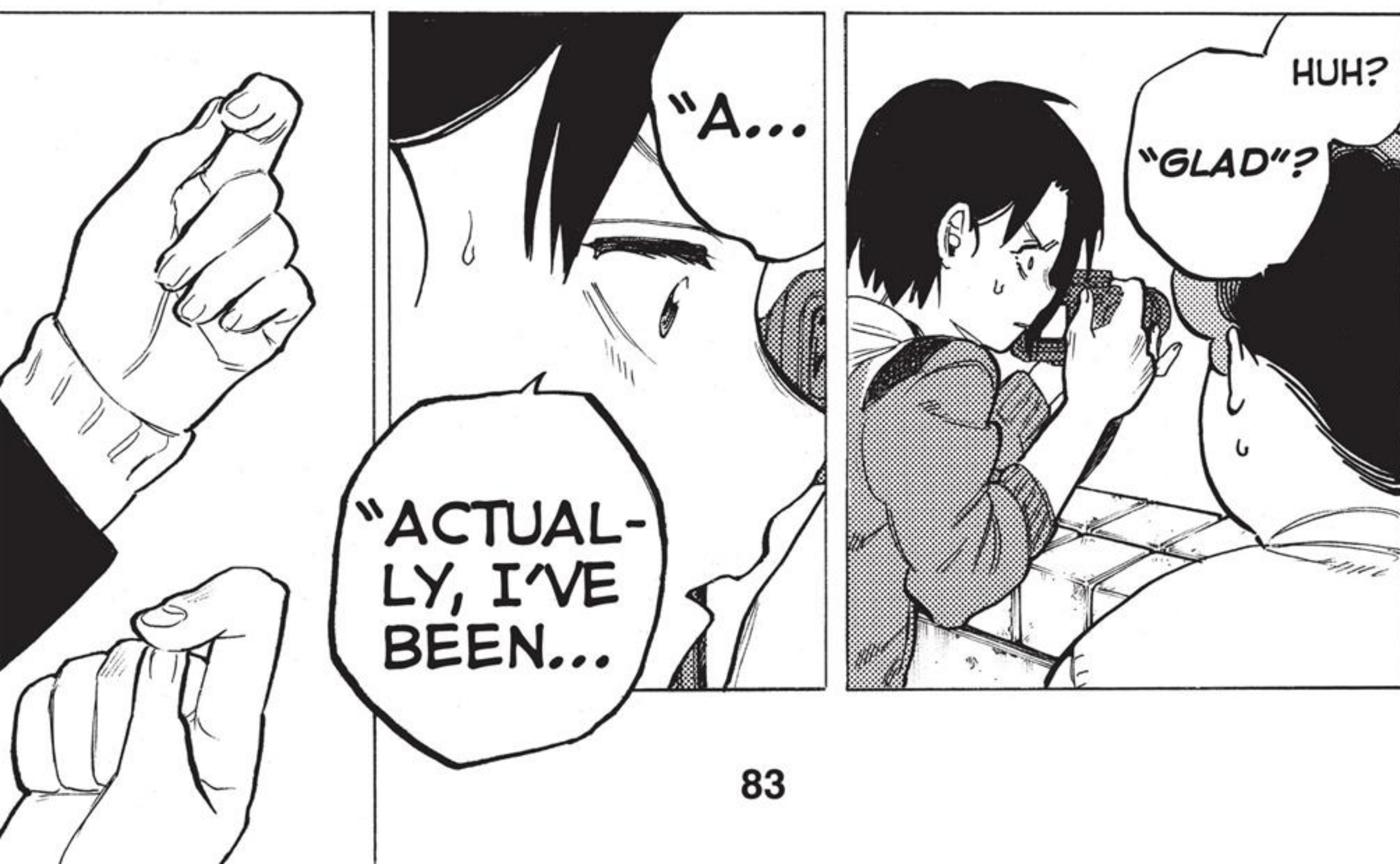


HURK

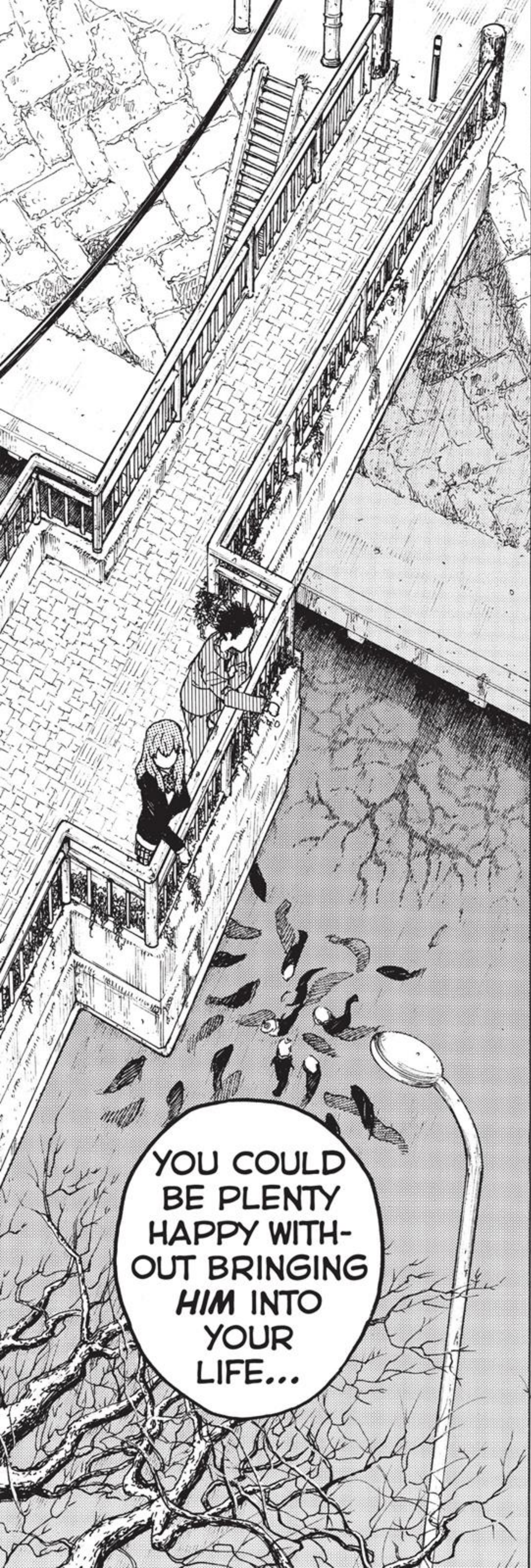


STOP
SCREWING
AROUND
AND DO
IT
RIGHT!!









YOU COULD
BE PLENTY
HAPPY WITH-
OUT BRINGING
HIM INTO
YOUR
LIFE...



WHY'RE
YOU
DOING
THIS?

...

